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1849.

1869.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR THE

50th
Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

N.
North Baptist Church,

RANDOLPH,

11th Nov.
NOVEMBER 7TH, 1869.

1789058

Order of Exercises.

OPENING HYMN.

*all the old members sing the hymn
organ and bell*

How beauteous are their feet:
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are! —
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

The watchmen join their voice
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

INVOCATION.

Rev Mr Jas Wilson of Boston

ANTHEM.

by L. A. Child

Denmark "Before Jehovah's awful throne."

Sung at the recognition of this church, November 3d, 1849.

READING OF SCRIPTURE.

Rev Dr John Maynor

PRAYER.

Rev Mr Wm. W. Winter of Boston

HYMN. *Be the stone*

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

SERMON.

BY REV. ROLLIN H. NEALE, D. D. *of Boston*

PRAYER.

*Rev. for a Century of Kingdom
Sung by the Christian Church*

HYMN.

Written for the occasion by Mrs. James Tucker.

How good our God; His word how true!
He leaveth not his saints alone—
Believing this, a faithful few
Laid with their prayers this corner-stone.

Now, fifty years have rolled away,
And they have entered into rest;
Yet gathered on this spot today,
How richly are their children blest.

Our marriage joys and funeral tears,
Our sacramental vows here given,
Our victories over sins and fears,
Have made this house a "gate of heaven."

O Thou! in whose eternal sight
A thousand years are as a day,
Still guide our pilgrim feet aright,
And lead us in "thy perfect way."

Here, till the glad millennium
Shall satisfy thy well-loved Son,
We pray thee let thy "Kingdom come,"
Let, in all hearts, "Thy will be done."

ADDRESS AND LETTERS

From former Pastor, and others.

CORONATION.—CONGREGATION.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

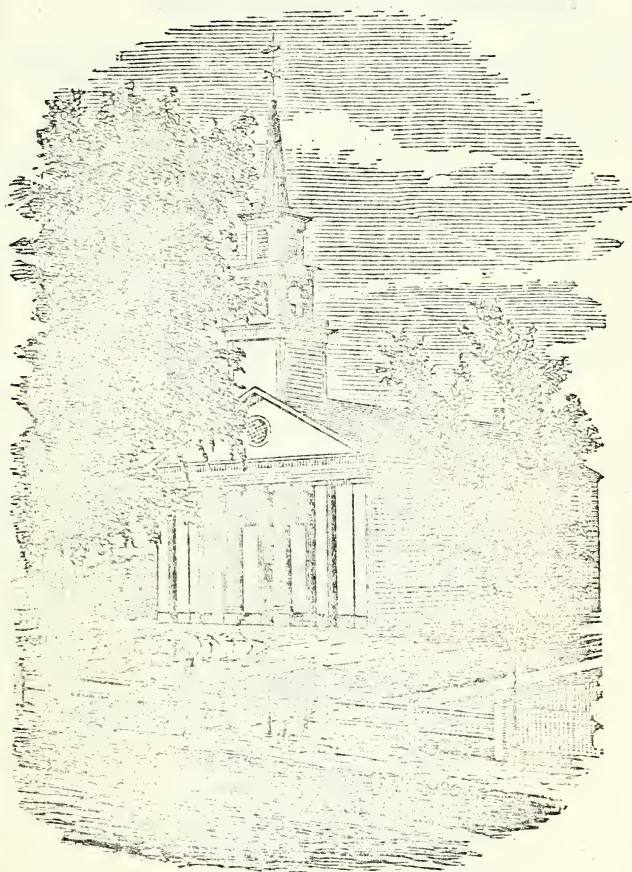
Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—
A remnant weak and small,—
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

BENEDICTION.



OUR SABBATH HOME.

ORDER OF EXERCISES
AT THE
SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
NORTH BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL,
RANDOLPH, JUNE 12TH, 1870.

Programme.

I. — CHANT.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ;
for his mercy endureth for ever.

II. — READING OF SCRIPTURES.

III. — HYMN.

SABBATH JOYS.

Gladly I hail the morning
Of the Sabbath day,
Gladly with joyous spirit,
Then I haste away
To my pleasant Sabbath duties,
Better far than earthly gold,
Fitting me for priceless treasure
In the heavenly fold.

CHORUS.

Blow heavenly breezes,
Balmy zephyrs soft and cool,
Wait your sweet and dewy fragrance
Over our Sabbath-school.

Dearly I love thy pleasures,
Precious Sabbath-school,
Where I can learn the meaning
Of the golden rule ;
Doing good each day to others,
As to me I'd have them do,
Lessons taught by earnest teachers,
Faithful, kind and true.

Cho. — Blow heavenly breezes, &c.

Teach me, O blessed Saviour,
As I try to pray,
Rightly to spend the moments
Of the Sabbath-day ;
Dearly still I love my Sabbath-school,
Precious, precious Sabbath-school,
Where my heart can learn the meaning
Of the golden rule.

Cho. — Blow heavenly breezes, &c.

IV. — PRAYER.

V. — SINGING BY THE INFANT CLASS.

“Jesus loves me.”

VI. — ADDRESS BY EBEN. SHUTE, of Boston.

VII. — HYMN.

MY SAVIOUR'S THRONE.

I want to go where the Saviour reigns,
On the beautiful throne above;
And catch the strains of the heavenly choir,
As they sing of his dying love.

REFRAIN.

As they sing of his dying love,
O that beautiful, beautiful throne,
That beautiful Golden Throne.
I want to go where the Saviour reigns,
And sit in the beautiful throne.

I want to sit by the living stream,
As it flows from the Golden Throne;
And bathe my soul in its crystal flood,
And dwell with the saints at home.

REFRAIN.

And dwell with the saints at home.
O that beautiful, &c.

I want to taste the ambrosial fruit,
As it grows on the tree of life;
And feast and live by the throne of God,
When the saints shall be free from strife.

I want to walk in the golden streets,
Along with the blood-washed throng;
And greet the friends who have gone before,
And unite in the new-made song.

VIII. — ADDRESS BY WILLIAM F. FERNALD,
Of Braintree.

IX. — REPORT

ADDRESS BY S. B. PRATT,
Of Randolph.

X. — ADDRESS BY THE PASTOR.

XI. — COLLECTION.

XII. — SINGING.

XIII. — PRAYER.

XIV. — SINGING.

[The Congregation is invited to join in Singing this Hymn.]

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

XV. — BENEDICTION.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

RECOGNITION

OF

Rev. J. C. Foster,

AS PASTOR OF THE

BAPTIST CHURCH,

Randolph, Mass.,

Thursday Afternoon, Jan. 23d, 1873.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

SINGING.

READING OF SCRIPTURES AND PRAYER,

Rev. J. C. Labaree, Randolph.

SINGING.

SERMON,

Rev. William Lamson, D. D., of Brookline.

SINGING.

PRAYER OF RECOGNITION,

Rev. Benjamin Wheeler, of Randolph.

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP,

Rev. J. Tilson, of Hingham.

CHANT.

ADDRESS TO THE PASTOR,

Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D. D., of Boston.

ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION,

Rev. A. J. Gordon, of Boston.

DOXOLOGY.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky.
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

BENEDICTION,

By the Pastor.

Order of Services

— AT THE —

DEDICATION

— OF THE —

Baptist Meetinghouse,

— IN —

RANDOLPH,

THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1874.

Order of Services.

I. Voluntary.

II. Invocation,

BY REV. J. C. LABAREE, OF RANDOLPH.

III. Anthem.

IV. Reading of Scriptures,

BY REV. BENJAMIN WHEELER, OF RANDOLPH.

V. Hymn,

BY J. G. F.

Tune, "Portuguese Hymn."

With grateful thanksgivings we gather, O God!
Thy wonderful goodness and love we record.
Let loud hallelujahs ascend to thy Throne!
We hail Thee Most Holy, Jehovah alone!

The earth and its fullness forever are thine;
In boundless creation thy glory doth shine;
But power, and glory, and beauty untold,
In Zion, perfected, thy children behold.

Here oft in the past Thou hast met with thine own,
Who worship to-day with the saints round the Throne,
Instead of the fathers, the children behold,
As ancients predicted, and prophets foretold.

Still walking the paths that our fathers have trod,
Repentance, and faith, and devotion to God,
Through us, may the Gospel's pure light ever shine,
Forever and ever, the glory be thine!

VI. Introductory Prayer,

BY REV. C. H. ROWE, OF WOLLASTON HEIGHTS.

VII. *Hymn,*

BY J. G. F.

Tune, "Brattle Street."

Not at Jerusalem alone,
 Thy Temple, Lord, is found,
 Where glittering dome and costly stone,
 Marked consecrated ground ;
 Where'er, beneath the bending skies,
 Faith's altar Thou dost see,
 Thou wilt accept the sacrifice
 Offered in love to Thee.

Smile Thou on us, as gathered here
 This sweetly solemn day,
 Our humble gift, with reverent fear,
 Low at thy feet we lay.
 The work of willing hands, this hour
 To Thee we dedicate:
 Ourselves, relying on thy power,
 Anew we consecrate.

Thy robe of glory here unfold,
 That we thy face may see;
 O may this house, thine own abode,
 Holiest of Holies be.
 Safe from the world's distracting care,
 Be this a calm retreat,
 Where heavy laden souls may drop
 Their burdens at thy feet.

Here, when the weary week is o'er,
 May grateful praise be given,
 And Faith's pure prayer, unhindered, soar,
 Sweet incense unto Heaven.
 And when to thy dear Church above
 We're gathered, one by one,
 May children's children worship here,
 Until thy Kingdom come.

VIII. *Sermon,*

BY REV. WAYLAND HOYT, OF BOSTON.

IX. *Historical and Financial Statement,*

BY THE PASTOR, REV. J. C. FOSTER.

X. *Dedicatory Prayer,*

BY REV. W. V. GARNER, OF BOSTON.

XI. Hymn,

By Mrs. J. G. F.

Tune, "Pleyel's Hymn."

Holy angels, hovering round,
Bid each golden harp resound
With your noblest, sweetest lays,
While our glorious God we praise.

Holy angels in the skies,
Ope the gates of Paradise ;
Let our anthems to the Son.
Sweetly mingle into one.

Holy angels, next the Throne,
With your praises blend our own ;
To the Spirit, songs be given,
Best of Earth, and best of Heaven.

Holy angels, with us sing,
Loudest hallelujahs ring ;
Praise, with us, ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

XII. Benediction.

☞ Rev. D. C. Eddy, D. D., of Boston, will preach in this house this evening
at 7 12 o'clock.



